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is most valuable and interesting, as showing the temper and conduct of an English court of justice at the period in which he lived, as well as aiding in establishing a truth now almost beyond controversy, that mankind are in a state of continual progression and advancement, and as giving us a sample of the "fantastic tricks" which, in the olden time, men, "dressed in a little brief authority," were used to "play before high heaven," but which could hardly at the present day be indulged in with impunity.

If it were necessary to give the following a further claim to a place in the Dublin Penny Journal, it might be added, that Penn was not wholly unconnected with Ireland, for his father, who had considerable possessions here, being by no means pleased with the manner in which his son, at an early period of life, began to distinguish himself in the religious world, after he had in vain tried to bring him to a more worldly frame of mind by compelling him to travel on the continent, sent him over to the Duke of Ormonde's court at Dublin, and gave him charge of his large estates in this country. But it is better to put it on the broader footing of the concernment that every country has in those things which belong rather to the history of mankind than of any particular nation. In fact, it is nobler to try to enter into the spirit of the admirable sentiment of the Roman dramatist—

"Homo sum : humani nihil à me alienum puto."

The reign of Charles II. was not auspicious to dissenters, and accordingly William Penn was repeatedly, in the commencement of his religious career, subjected to legal prosecutions and imprisonments, and was at one time, for some of his publications, committed to the Tower, at the instance of the bishop of London.

Soon after his liberation he was again taken up, and brought to trial before the lord mayor and recorder for preaching in a Quaker meeting. He afterwards published an account of this proceeding, perhaps one of the most curious and instructive pieces that ever came from his pen. The times to which it relates are sufficiently known, indeed, to have been times of gross oppression and judicial abuse; but the brutality of the court upon this occasion, seems to have exceeded any thing that is recorded elsewhere; and the firmness of the jury still deserves to be remembered, for example to happier days. The prisoner came into court, according to Quaker costume, with his hat on his head; but the doorkeeper, with a due zeal for the dignity of the place, pulled it off as he entered. Upon this, however, the lord mayor became quite furious, and ordered the unfortunate beaver to be instantly replaced, which was no sooner done than he fined the poor culprit for appearing covered in his presence! William Penn now required to know what law he was accused of having broken; to which simple question the recorder was reduced to answer, "That he was an impertinent fellow; and that many had studied thirty or forty years to understand the law, which he was for having expounded in a moment." The learned controversialist was not, however, to be silenced so easily: he quoted lord Coke and Magna Charta on his antagonist in a moment, and chastised his insolence by one of the best and most characteristic repartees upon record. "I tell you to be silent," cried the recorder, in a great passion, "if we should suffer you to ask questions till to-morrow morning, you would never be the wiser." "That," replied the Quaker, with his unmovable tranquillity, "that is according as the answers are." "Take him away, take him away," exclaimed the mayor and the recorder, in a breath, "turn him into the bale-dock." And into the bale-dock, a filthy and pestilent dungeon in the neighbourhood, he was accordingly turned, discoursing calmly all the way on Magna Charta and the rights of Englishmen; while the courtly recorder delivered a very animated charge to the jury in the absence of the prisoner.

The jury, however, after a short consultation, brought in a verdict, finding him merely guilty of *speaking* in Grace-church street. For this cautious and most correct deliverance they were loaded with reproaches by the court, and sent out to amend their verdict; but in half an hour they returned with the same ingenious finding, fairly written out, and subscribed with all their names.

The court now became more furious than ever, and shut them up without meat, drink, or fire, till next morning, when they twice over came back with the same verdict; upon which they were reviled and threatened so furiously by the recorder, that William Penn protested against this plain intimidation of those persons, to whose *free* suffrages the law had entrusted his cause. The answer of the recorder was, "stop his mouth, jailor; bring fetters, and stake him to the ground." William Penn replied, with the temper of a Quaker, and the spirit of a martyr, "do your pleasure; I matter not your fetters." And the recorder took occasion to observe, "that till now he never understood the policy of the Spaniards in suffering the *inquisition* among them. But now he saw that it would never be well with us till we had something like the Spanish inquisition in England!" After this sage remark, the jury were again sent back, and kept other twenty-four hours, without food or refreshment. On the third day, the national and glorious effect of this brutality on the spirits of Englishmen was at length produced. Instead of the special and unmeaning form of their verdict, they now, all in one voice, declared the prisoner *NOT GUILTY*. The recorder again broke out into abuse and menace; and, after "praying God to keep his life out of such hands," proceeded, on what pretext it is not easy to conceive, to fine every man of them in forty marks, and to order them to prison till payment. William Penn then demanded his liberty, but was ordered into custody till he paid the fine imposed on him for wearing his hat; and was forthwith dragged away to his old lodging in the Bale Dock, while in the very act of quoting the 29th chapter of the great charter, "*Nullus liber homo*," &c. As he positively refused to acknowledge the legality of this infliction by paying the fine, he might have lain long enough in this dungeon, but that his father, who was now reconciled to him, sent the money privately, and he was once more set at liberty.

O'G.

WILLIAM KILBURN.

William Kilburn was born in Capel-street, Dublin, 1st November, 1745. He was the only son of Samuel Kilburn, an architect of some eminence, and very early exhibited a taste for drawing. This, and the wish to have him in the country, as his health appeared delicate, induced his parents to place him apprentice with Mr. Jonathan Sisson, an Englishman, who had established a calico printing factory at Leixlip. Here he quickly learned the different branches of this ingenious art, but attached himself to drawing and engraving. Few lives are more marked than his with unceasing industry and application; in summer he rose at four, and occupied his leisure hours in drawing patterns for paper stainers, which, with his master's leave, he sold; the produce gave him pocket money, and enabled him to purchase a pony, on which he rode to Dublin on Saturdays, and passed every Sunday with his parents. He had acquired an amazing readiness with his pencil, so that if a new pattern caught his eye, he would take out his pocket-book, and have it for his master at his return. At the expiration of his apprenticeship, he found himself alone, with his mother and sister. His father, who had speculated largely in building, became embarrassed in his circumstances, and died. This probably determined him to visit London, the great mart for talent; here he obtained a ready sale for his designs amongst the calico printers. He also drew and engraved flowers from nature for the print shops; this led to his acquaintance with Mr. William Curtis, the botanist, who, deeming himself fortunate in meeting an artist of such uncommon talent, agreed with him to execute the plates for his great work, the *Flora Londinensis*. When he had entered into this engagement, he returned to Ireland, brought over his mother and sister, took a small house in Bermondsey with a garden and green-house, and there occupied himself from sunrise to sunset in drawing and engraving the plants for that work, which reflects so much credit on English science.

When he had finished, he accepted a proposal from Mr. Newton, to undertake the management of a calico printing factory, at Wallington, for which he was to have a share in the profits without advancing capital. They were so successful that, at the end of seven years, he purchased the concern, and became sole proprietor. He now rose rapidly in wealth, and was soon the most eminent calico printer in England, having brought

the art to a pitch of perfection never since equalled. He gave the highest wages to his workmen, some of whom came from the continent, and gave annual premiums for the best designs. His pieces of muslin chintzes sold for a guinea per yard, and he had the honour of presenting one of them, the sea-weed pattern, designed by himself, to her Majesty Queen Charlotte. Finding that his patterns were pirated in Manchester, he applied for a bill, which was brought into Parliament by his countryman and neighbour, the Right Honourable Edmund Burke, "To secure to calico printers the copyright in original designs."

Mr. Kilburn married the eldest daughter of Thos. Brown, Esq., an East India Director, a most amiable woman, who survives him, and by whom he had several children. In the relative duties of son and brother, husband and father, his conduct was most exemplary, as a true believing Christian moral man. Though he had been a delicate child, he enjoyed excellent health, till a few months before his death, when feeling indisposed, he repaired to Brighton, and not getting better he returned to Wallington, and calmly resigned his soul to his Maker, 23d December, 1818, in the 73d year of his age. The poor inhabitants of the neighbourhood, by whom he was much lamented, followed him bareheaded to the grave.

Mr. Kilburn was above six feet in height, thin, but well proportioned, and perfectly straight to the last. The pencil, in his long fingers, appeared scarcely to touch the paper when drawing, so much had he acquired of grace and freedom. The flowers that he engraved about the time he became acquainted with Mr. Curtis, are now sought for by connoisseurs, being so true to nature; and I have before me his engraving of a dead canary on a marble slab, which, even in this advanced stage of the arts, would rival many of the bijoux that adorn our modern annuals. Being most domestic in his habits, and constantly occupied, he was never able to visit Ireland after he had settled at Wallington; but every Irishman that was introduced, found an hospitable reception at his table. He prided in his country, of which he may be justly said to have been an ornament.

I. H.

FOR THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

SONNETO.

Dov' è, Italia il tuo braccio? e a chi ti servi
 Tu dell' altrui? non è, s' io scorgo il vero,
 Di chi t' offende il difensor men fero.
 Ambo nemici sono, ambo fur servi.
 Così dunque l'onor, così conservi
 Gli avanzi tu del glorioso impero?
 Così al valor, così al valor primiero,
 Che a te fede giurò, la fede osservi?
 Or va: repudia il valor prisco, e sposa
 L'Ozio, e fra il lanque, i gemiti, e la strida
 Nel periglio maggior dormi, e reposa.
 Dormi, Adulteria vil, fin che omicida
 Spada ultrice ti suegli, e sonnacchiosa,
 E nuda in braccio al tuo fedel t' accida.

TRANSLATION.

Where is thine arm, Italia? Why shouldst thou
 Fight with the strangers? fierce alike to me
 Seem thy defender and thine enemy!
 Both were thy vassals once, though victors now.
 Thus dost thou guard the wreath that bound thy brow,
 The wreck of perished empire? When to thee
 Virtue and valour pledged their fealty,
 Was this thy glorious promise, this thy vow?
 Go then: reject thine ancient worth, and wed
 Degenerate Sloth! 'midst blood, and groans, and cries,
 Sleep on, all heedless of the loud alarms.
 Sleep, vile Adulteress! from thy guilty bed
 Too soon the avenging sword shall bid thee rise,
 Or pierce thee slumbering in thy minion's arms.

Larence Street, Liverpool.

C.

THE EAGLE'S AERIE.

On reaching the bottom of the rock, in whose face the
 ie stands, we discovered that the old birds were absent,
 l as the nest was formed in a deep fissure, we could
 ascertain its situation exactly. But that the eagles'

dwelling was above us was evident enough: the base of
 the cliff was strewn with bones and feathers, and the accu-
 mulation of both was extraordinary. The bones of rab-
 bits, hares, and domestic fowls, were most numerous, but
 those of smaller game, and various sorts of fish, were visi-
 ble among the heap.

Many attempts are annually made to destroy this preda-
 tory family. It is impossible to rob the nest. Situated
 two hundred feet above the base of the rock, it is of course
 unapproachable from below, and as the cliffs beetle over
 it frightfully, to assail it from above would be a hazardous
 essay. An enterprising peasant some years since, was let
 down by a rope and basket,—but he was fiercely attacked
 by the old birds, and the basket nearly overturned. For-
 tunately the cord was strong, and had sufficient length to
 allow his being lowered rapidly, or he would have un-
 doubtedly sustained some bodily injury from the wings and
 talons of those enraged and savage birds.

The following interesting anecdote is well authenticated.
 "Two eagles, in the wildest part of a neighbouring county,
 had for some time depredated on the neighbourhood, and
 bore away lambs, kids, &c. for the sustenance of their
 young. Some peasants determined, if possible, to obtain
 the young birds, and ascended the mountains, but found
 that the nest was in a part of the perpendicular rock, near
 one hundred feet below the summit, and about three hun-
 dred above the sea, which, with terrific appearances,
 dashed against its base. They had provided themselves
 with ropes, and a lad, armed with a cineter, was by this
 means lowered by the rest. He arrived in safety at the
 nest, where, as he expected, he was attacked with infinite
 fury by one of the old eagles, at which he made a stroke
 with his sword, that nearly cut asunder the rope by which
 he was suspended. Fortunately one strand of it remained.
 He described his state to his comrades, waiting in horri-
 ble expectation that the division of the cord would pre-
 cipitate him to the bottom; but though he might have been
 to die by a rope, it was not in this manner; he was cau-
 tiously and safely hauled up, when it was found that
 his hair, which a quarter of an hour before had been of a
 dark auburn, had in that short period become perfectly
 white!"

The village of Dugurth suffers heavily from its unfor-
 tunate proximity to the aerie. When the wind blows from
 a favourable point, the eagle in the grey of the morning
 sweeps through the cabins, and never fails carrying off
 some prey.

To black fowls eagles appear particularly attached, and
 the villagers avoid as much as possible rearing birds of
 that colour.

A few days before, one of the coast-guard, alarmed by
 the cries of a boy, rushed from the watch-house; the
 eagle had taken up a black hen, and, as he passed within
 a few yards, the man flung his cap at him. The eagle
 dropped the bird, it was quite dead, however, the talons
 having shattered the back bone. The villagers say (with
 what truth I know not) that turkeys are never taken.

That the eagle is extremely destructive to fish, and par-
 ticularly so to salmon, many circumstances would prove.
 They are constantly discovered watching the fords in the
 spawning season, and are seen to seize and carry off the
 fish. One curious anecdote I heard from my friend the
 priest. Some years since a herdsman, on a very sultry
 day in July, while looking for a missing sheep, observed
 an eagle posted on a bank that overhung a pool. Present-
 ly the bird stooped and seized a salmon, and a violent
 struggle ensued; when the herd reached the spot, he found
 the eagle pulled under water by the strength of the fish,
 and the calmness of the day, joined to drenched plumage,
 rendered him unable to extricate himself. With a stone
 the peasant broke the eagle's pinion, and actually secured
 the spoiler and his victim, for he found the salmon dying
 in his grasp.—*Wild Sports of the West.*

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